

## VETERAN'S VERDICT.

The War is Over. A Well-known Soldier, Correspondent and Journalist Makes a Disclosure.

ist Makes a Disclosure.

Indiana contributed her thousands of brava soldiers to the war, and no state bears a better record in that respect than it does. In literature it is rapidly acquiring an enviable place. In war and literature Solomon Yewell, well known as a writer as "Sol," has won an honorable position. During the late war he was a member of Co. M. 2d. N. Y. Cavalry and of the lith Indiana Infantry Volunteers. Regarding an important circumstance he writes as follows:

"Several of us old veterans here are using Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine, Heart Cure and Nerve and Liver Pills all of them giving splendid satisfaction. In fact, we have never used remedies that compare with them. Of the Pills we must say they are the best combination of their nature we have ever known. We have none but words of praise for them. They are the outgrowth of a new principle in medicine, and tone up the system wonderfully. We say to all, try these remedica. "Solomon Yewell, Marion, Ind., Dec. 5, 1892. These remedies are sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee, or sent direct by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, \$\frac{1}{2}\$ per bottle, six bottles \$\frac{1}{2}\$, and tone up the system wonder opiates nor dangerous drugs.

Sold by all drug gists.

## THE DAY OF WORSHIP.

Time for Holding Services by the Several Churches. EVANGELICAL.—Church 17:30 a m., 7 p. m Sunday School 9 a. m., Prayer Meeting Wolnesday, 7 p. m. Rav. Green Pastor.
SBITERIAN.—Church10:30 a. m., 7 p. m.
Sunday School 12 m., Prayer Meeting,
Thursday, 7 p. m. REV. M. L. DONAHEY, Pas-

tor
T. AUGUST(NE.—Mass 5 a. m., High Mass 10 a. m., Vespers p. m. Rev. M. Pontz, Pastor
METHODIST.—Church 10:30 a. m., 7p. m., Sabusth School 9:15 a. m., Young People's Meeting 5:00 p. m., Epworth Leagne Meeting, Wednesday, 7p. m., Prayer Meeting Thursday, 7p. m. Rev. I. N. Kain, Pastor.

PAUL'S LUTHERAN.—Church 2:30p. m., (or 16 a. m., as announced previous Sanday) Sun-day School 9 a.m. Rev. W. L. Fisher, Pastor. JOHNS LUTHERAN, -In Freedom Twp., Church 10s. m. Rev. W. L. France, Pastor., EMANUAL'S LUTHERAN. -Church 2:30 p. m. Sunday School 10 a. m. Rev. L. Danmonn Pastor.

UNITED BRETHREN.—McClure; church 10 a m., every ather anday, beginning January 18, 1891. Subbath school 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting Turedays 7 p.m. Ray Jone Shellen, Pas-

## COUNTY RECORD

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Prosecuting Attorne	J. V. Cuf
Sheriff	E. Decke
Treasurer	J. H. Res
	J. W. Hann
Surveyor	
Coroust	J. S. Hat
Commissioners	D. T. Bur Mat Reise Levi Kin
	H W Stnebman
[narmaryDirectors	Christ Dittme
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Senant Evaminers	
School Examiners	P. C. Schwa

CORE	ORATION OFFICERS.
Treasurer Marehal Street Comm	D. Meekla C. E. Reynol O. Higgi T. J. Sur Issioner Fred Marl
Cemetery Tru	stees B. B. Bir
Conscioned	.chas. II. Gidl L. I., Orw Wildam Sam Richard W. Cah John Voc Theodre Ladw Jas. W. Han
	George Hilde Thoodore Ludw Uhas E. Reynol W. G. Coov
Exam	iners A. E.H. Maerk

	JUSTICES OF THE PEACE OF HENRY CO	ŀ
	BARTLOW TOWNSHIP.	ı
	Joseph Fish, Jr Deshier Rufus Hill	l
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	W. C. Johnson	
	H. J. Kester Florida John F Curren Farence Township.	
	Henry Gehrett	
	H. R. Hall	
	Lewis A. Bellhars	
	J. P. Dunbar	
	H Crossman	
9	P. D. Printis Napoleon Geo. W. Fisk Napoleon Firsten Township.	
	G. W. Fisher. Hoigate J. F. Einetle New Havaria Bolomon Zarbaugh Hoigate Biologic House Hoigate	
	C. L. Fast	
	Jacob Wolf	
	D. Younkman	

Township.	C.R. Stafford	Postoffice.
Bartlow	C.R. Stafford	Deshier
Damascus	R. E. Croniger	McGiure
Fiatrock	D. G. Darbin.	Florida
Freedom	Henry Eggers	Napoleos
Harriegh	.I. M. Click	Napoleon
Liberty	E. Pennock	Liberty Center
Marion	G. F. Hayes	Hamle
Monroe	L. M. Grove	Napoleot
Napoleou	J. B. Dittenhaver	Napoleor
Pleasant	Wm. Richholt	Holgate
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Hickneid	Wm. Weirich	West Hope

TOWNSHIP CLERKS

FREE TRADE Trade your old home and pard lot in the East for a Red River Valley farm, where in a few years you gain a compet-ence, which in your old age will be a sure



eddies. From minute specks the flakes had become large and feathery. It was impossible to see far in any direction.

What was to be done? Having reached this point, must Ellen Maxey turn about and go home? No, not yet. She would wait a little while still—wait and see Mr. Dye come out again. Yes, but where? She could not stand there in the street. She did not like to walk up and down before the house. Where?

Then an interesting fact reached her through the whirl and the maze of the falling snow. There was a glaring placard in the window of the house immediately adjoining that in which her in-terest centered. No window curtains made a background for this card, and big black letters announced that the premises were for sale.

The further fact that she had seen the footman come out of an area door beneath the steps when the carriage stop-ped was all that she needed to induce an inspiration. The houses along here were extremely uniform. There was a similar door closing beneath the steps of the unoccupied house. A plain wooden door sat in the solid masonry and opened by a simple latch.

Miss Maxey descended a short flight of steps, approached this door and tried it. To her intense satisfaction it yielded to her touch. She pushed it open and went in. Not a very comfortable place, to be sure. Dark, cold, disagreeable, this little space beneath the steps, hardly fit for a tramp to sleep in!

Miss Maxey turned the knob of the door leading from this area into the house. The door was fast. What matter, then, if it were cold and dark? She was at least secure from observation, and if she had ransacked the whole neighborhood in search of a convenient location from which to have watched the adjoining front steps she could not have secured a better than the one upon which she had thus accidentally stumbled. She left the entrance slightly unclosed that she might look out and sat down upon the wooden step with her back against the inner door.

Pastor.

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN. — Napoleon Twp. Churchio a. m. Rev. L. Dammoss, Pastor.

UNITED BRETHREN.—South Napoleon; church every wcox, 10;30 s. m. and in the evening at 7:30. Praver meeting Thursday 7 p. m. Rev. I. D. INGLE, Pastor.

The time passed, and the snow fell. It fell so thickly that it muffled the sounds of footsteps in the street above. People came and went. It grew dark. A boy with a patent torch lighted the lamp in front of the brownstone steps. Miss Maxey's limbs were cramped and cold. It seemed as though the minutes lengthen-

ed themselves to hours, the hours grew to be days, and still there was no appearance of the forlorn hat and the threadbare coat upon the neighboring threshold. The carts rumbled in the street. The man who had gone with the horses came back. The snow fell on, and If Miss Maxey's brain had not been so

busy with exciting speculation and daring plans for the future, if she had not had so fascinating a problem to deal elder woman who drove somewhere in er own uneventful past, the time would doubtless have seemed so long that she would scarcely have had the courage to wait, but it takes some obstacles to break the endurance of such a girl as

It had grown quite dark. The snow had ceased. The light which had been a sort of luminous whirl in front of the brownstone steps burned out, clearly and steadily. It lighted up the forlorn hat at last. Mr. Dye was coming down into the street.

Miss Maxey arose and crept to the door. Mr. Dye came toward her. His face was in the shadow, and she could not see the expression of his features. But he staggered as he walked-staggered almost like a drunken man. He was muttering to himself as he went along in an excited, incoherent way. One sentence only was fated to reach Miss Maxey's ears. It was this: "Of the two I think the woman is the

> CHAPTER XIL A DREADFUL MISTAKE.

The unsteady figure of the somber Dye went on along the snow covered pavement alone. Miss Maxey no longer Instead of that she walked boldly up

from the area door into the street, ascended the brownstone steps and pulled the bell. This was the result of her reflections in the cold and dark. She would see this high bred acquaintance of the mysterious man, convince her of the argency of the case, threaten her if need e and learn from her if she could who and what he was

It was not without a conscious dread and shrinking that she took the initiative step in this determined project. She and been rather inclined to consider herself as lacking in executive ability, but none of us exactly know ourselves until an emergency arises to test us. After she had let go the handle which summoned the servant to the door she was taken with a fit of trembling and egan to consider whether she had beter not run away while there was yet

The instant the servant appeared and he had spoken to her, her courage returned, the trembling left her She could not understand what had so frightened her a moment before. But the sentiment which came to take the place of the dread and the fear was soon changed

from that of bravery to surprise and bewilderment. As the house seemed destitute of a door plate, Miss Maxey had made up her mind to ask, like a peddler or a beggar, for the lady of the house. Her ring had been answered with sur-prising alscrity by a maid in a white cap, who now, hardly waiting for her to open her lips, said in a low voice:

"You want to see my lady? Yes. She is waiting for you. Come up. This

The next moment the door closed be-hind her, and Miss Maxey was in the house. Her heart was beating rapidly. What did this mean? Had the woman

Children Cry for PROTECTION Pitcher's Castoria.

know how she had followed her carriage and had hidden under the steps of the adjoining house till Mr. Dye had come out? It seemed preposterous, but it must

"Come right with me," said the maid

closed the door. She began at once to ascend the broad, richly carpeted staircase which led to the floor above. Miss Maxey, startled and confused, followed. Having reached the head of the flight, the maid went along the spacious hall toward the rear of the house and turned into a narrower pas-sage running at right angles. The light was dim. It was with difficulty that the artist's sister could see her way. The maid knocked at a door. Immediately there was a rustle within, followed by the sound of a key turning in the lock. The door opened cautiously a little way, and a woman's voice said: "Is it she?"

"Yes," the maid answered. "Be quick," said the voice.

The maid laid her hand upon Miss Maxey's shoulder, and in her eagerness to enforce the order urged her, almost pushed her, through the doorway. Miss Maxey suddenly found herself in a glare of light that dazzled hereyes. This fact and the realization that the door was instantly closed and locked constituted her first impressions. Immediately the strong and to her the sickening smell of ether choked her with its intensity, and she saw the room and all that it con-

It was a bedchamber, expensive and luxurious in all its appointments. Great mirrors, a costly dressing table, elegant but sensuous pictures, rngs that would have been a wealth of delight and warmth to the feet-nothing was wanting that an epicurean taste could suggest and money could purchase. But for all that the ferniture was disarranged and disordered as if some unwented disturbance had lately occurred there. The bed had been drawn out into the center of the floor. The lace curtains with which it had been surrounded were torn from their places and lay in a confused heap on the floor. A table stood near the bed. Upon it were several sponges, a bowl containing water deeply tinged with blood, a chafing dish with a redhot curling iron apparently forgotten in it.

The sight of this last instrument affected Miss Maxey more deeply than anything else. Despite the powerful fumes of the ether she thought she detected a more dreadful odor still, as of burning flesh. On the bed, not in it, dressed in a loose wrapper, which was still further loosened at the neck to give her all possible ease of breathing, lay the pretty young woman whom Miss Maxey had seen with the elder in the carriage, pale now and leering about in a silly, idiotic Miss Maxey knew instinctively that she was under the influence of ether. She was very scantily dressed and with in trying to locate the face of that had been covered with a sheet apparently, but in her convulsive motions had displaced it. Miss Maxey's frightened glance fancied she detected spots of blood upon the cloth.

All this, not more the powerful total than the smallest detail of the scene, rushed in upon Miss Maxey's horrified sense with the suddenness and the pow-er of a thunderbolt. In those few moments she saw that which a lifetime will not efface.

Then she became aware that another face, as pale and startled as her own, was at her side, regarding her in speechless consternation. Ever before she turned toward it she knew that this face was the handsome, disdainful face that had looked forth on the trembling Dye from the carriage. She realized this in one instant. In the next the woman had



caught her by the wrist, had with excited roughness pulled her about so that she faced her, and demanded in a voice in which anger and fear seemed to be sharply commingled: "What do you mean? How dare you

come in here? Oh, how strongly it came to Miss Maxey now-the feeling that she had seen this face somewhere before! And yet it seemed almost impossible that it should be so. Strange that she could not make this feeling seem reasonable and yet could by no effort drive it away. The woman was dark, handsome, of queenly presence, though there was even masculine air of firmness about the face and a nose too prominent for perfect symmetry. Her beauty was of a way-ward, voluptuous kind and had in it neither classic purity nor refinement, and yet so strongly did these same

dominant impressions manifest them-selves to the beholder in the younger face upon the bed, despite the unnatural expression and the silly leer, that Miss Maxey was almost ready to declare the relationship between them that of mother and daughter.

Even these reflections passed like a flash through Miss Maxey's intuitive mind while she stood bewilderingly retarning the fierce look of the woman who held her by the wrist. The silence only exasperated the questioner. Her nervous hold on the arm tightened, and she said in a lower but still more in-

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

"Do you hear me? Who are you? What do you want?"

"Do not blame me," said Miss Maxey at last in a voice the clearness and steadiness of which surprised herself. "It is not my fault that I am in this room. I asked only to see you. The servant brought me, I might almost say dragged me, here."

"The idiot! The idiot!" cried the woman, with more anger, but not less sus-picion. "This blunder will cost her her place. Whom did you wish to see?"

"Me? You have chosen an odd hour for your call!" The woman breathed painfully in her agitation, dropped Miss Maxey's arm and tore open the door in

"There!" she cried. "This is not my eception room! Here, little fool, show

this lady down stairs." The frightened servant, who appeared obeyed her. Ellen followed her to the floor below. As she descended the stairs she passed an elderly female, with an energetic stride, coming up. Ellen was very sure the newcomer went into the chamber from which she had just come,

"That is the person, whoever she may

be, for whom I was mistaken."

Miss Maxey was conducted to a dainty reception room on the first floor. The gas was lighted, and she was left alone chair. A long time, a very long time elapsed. She heard many footsteps go along the hall outside her door before any one sought again to turn the handle. She listened with all her power. She even held her breath. The sight she had seen in the chamber had made so powerfr1 an impression upon her that it al-riest seemed to be before her still. She aid not understand it, but the very mystery made the possibilities so much the more dreadful. What was the nature of the strange horror she had surprised? Who was the fashionable woman who had such curious acquaintances in the outer world, who sheltered such nameless enormities under her roof?

Miss Maxey was a young woman who had been protected from the rough breath of the great world from her infancy, to whom evil in all its greater and more repulsive forms had always seemed unreal and dreamlike, but yet as she sat there in that silent room her active mind, busy with the logic of the events of the past few hours, saw before it such possibilities of the depth of human depravity as made her tremble for the powers of her own imagination. What did it mean? What could it mean? The pretty girl who but a few hours before had been riding for pleasure in her carriage through the city streets now prostrate and insane? The ether, the redhot curling iron, the smell of burning flesh? Miss Maxey's mind reeled under the fancies of what it might mean, and yet in the midst of it all she was aware of a latent impression that nothing in all these wild speculations was plausible enough to be the truth.

What a hazardous, foolish thing this following of Mr. Dye had proved! Was it not an unladylike action, and might she not live to regret having committed it? A vague fear haunted her.

The time came when her reflections were interrupted. She heard no warning step in the hall outside. The knob turned quietly. The door swung noiselessly, and she whom she had come into the house to see came in. The woman was exceedingly pale, and

her eyes seemed unnaturally large. There was a slight trembling of her hands, but no tremble of the lip. She spoke at once upon her entrance in a dis-dainful manner and a steady voice.

"To a lady who desires to remain unknown.

Miss Maxey would not have made that answer an hour ago, but events had brought her to a wise determination. A slight color came into the handsome

woman's face.
"This is very extraordinary. What do von want?

"I wanted to ask you a few ques-"Oh, indeed! Well, I can relieve you of any further necessity of waiting on that score. I shall not answer questions addressed to me by a person who desires to remain unknown.

There were the most bitter irony and contempt in the tone of this speech. But for all that the hand trembled still, though it was laid upon the back of a cushioned chair to steady it. Eller arose at once, reddening in spite

of herself. "I have no means to force you," she said quietly. "We are at least on an equal footing. I do not know you any The woman caught her breath in-

painful way. "You do not know my name, and yet you are in my house?

"I came futo your house because I saw person about whom I am very anxious to know come out of it. I mean Mr.

The woman gasped again. Her eyes were fixed upon Ellen's face with burning intensity. She did not even attempt to speak. Ellen went on: That man I am very much interested

in. It is a family matter. I am aware that I did a very bold thing, and I heartily apologize for my rudeness, but my asons for wishing to know are so very urgent that they led me to overstep the bounds of social custom. I thought if you had no objections to telling me what you know of that man the information would be very valuable to me. If you do object, I can only say again what I said before, that I am sorry for my intrusion,

Ellen's voice as she went on grew stronger till it had almost a defiant ring. The woman answered her, with

forced composure: "You saw this fellow-I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance—you say, come out of my house. I know nothing about him, and I know equally little about you. Your story is very suspi-cions. If he is a thicf and you an accomplice, it will be well to let this matter go at once to the police."

The blood rushed into Ellen's face. She spoke impulsively: "Are you very sure, madam, fear the police less than I?"

If Ellen had had any idea of the effect of her words, she would not have uttered them. The woman flew into a fit of momentary passion, which caused Miss Maxey to tremble for her personal safety. She turned ashy pale even to the lips. She danced upon the floor like an unruly child. She took a step toward unruly child. She took a step toward wide. How was this done? them. The woman flew into a fit of mo

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Ellen, changed her mind suddenly, seized a costly ernament from the center table and dashed it to atoms on the

marble before the fireplace. This extraordinary action, the fact that destruction in some form had followed her wrath, seemed to appease her in a degree. When the act was done, she stood glaring at Ellen a moment and then with a quick rustle of silk left the

one foot each day for 15 days, climbs on the sixteenth day to the top of the pole and there remains.—Pittsburg Dis-Ellen would have followed her and made the best of her way out of the house, but the strange creature came back so quickly that she stopped her upon the threshold of the apartment. She had succeeded in calming herself The average weight of 20,000 men and women weighed in Boston was: Men, 141½ pounds; women, 124½ and even looked at Ellen with a tinge of

fear in her big eyes. Her voice trembled in spite of all she could do as she said: "You insulted me, or I should apologize to you. I should have sent you pout of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the told me that you desired to conceal your ourse of Constipation and Sick Headache. identity but for the fact that the stupid- For Malaria and Liver troubles they have ity of a servant makes it necessary for been proved invaluable. They are guarar me to explain a trifling matter. An unme to explain a trilling matter. An unfortunate accident happened to a protege of mine this afternoon, and the remedies were so powerful that ether was used. The doctor was called away before the effects of the ether had passed off. I was afraid and sent for a lady physician in whom I have great confidence who in whom I have great confidence, who lives but a few doors below. The servwith her reflections. She sank into a ant, expecting her at the moment of your arrival, showed you up. Do you understand this, that you set no foolish stories affeat? Mind that you do not, for the child will be herself again tomorrow

to contradict you. That is all. Good afternoon." "One moment, madam. If I should send somebody here who would tell you who I am and who he is and why we wish to know, would you"——
Ellen hesitated. She was really afraid

of this woman "Well, would I"- said the haughty voice, and there was a look of affected surprise and incredulity in the cynical

"Would you tell me what you know about Mr. Dye?"

"You insult me to my face after what I have told you!" The woman stamped her foot upon the floor, uttered with fierce emphasis the single supplemental syllable "No!" and swept out of Miss Maxey's sight.

A servant bowed Miss Maxey out with grave politeness, and the heavy door

closed after her. It was over, and she felt like a child. For a moment a great weakness in all her body seemed about to cause her to fall down. She clung to the doorcase for support. As she did so she noticed a tiny silver doorplate just under the bell handle, which had before escaped her eye. With feverish impatience she bent down and scrutinized the delicate tracery thereon in the light from the street lamp. The force of what she read Moldings, Window rendered her for the moment incapable of thought or motion. It was the simple name "Forsythe."

Scroll Sawing & Turning, And this was the house 16 Livingston street! It was no longer a problem where she had seen that handsome face. It was the original of the medallion which Dr. Lamar during that memorable sleigh ride on the sca road had told her bore the features of the woman he was to marry.

"I must never tell Julian what I have dared to do today. Never. He would be terribly displeased. But, none the less, it is my duty to warn Dr. Lamar. How! I do not know. But one thing I do know. Whatever may be the result of this sad complication, whatever happens, I never will do the foolish thing again that I have done today. Whatever comes, I have done with playing the de-

[CONTINUED.]

Kenneth Bazemore had the good fortune to receive a small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholers and Diarrhoea Remedy when three members of his family were sick with dysen ery. This one small bottle cured them all and he had some left which he gave to Geo. W. Baker, a prominent merchant of the place, Lewiston. N. C., and it cured him of the same complaint. When troubled with dysentery, diarrhoes, colic or cholera morbus, give this remedy a trial and you will be more than pleased with the result. The praise that naturally follows its introduction and one has made it very popular. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon Ohio.

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CATCH QUESTIONS

me Puzzling Queries That Appear No Hard to Answer, If a goose weighs 10 pounds and a half Its own weight, what is the weight of Who has not been tempted to reply on the instant 15 pounds? the correct answer being, of course, 20 pounds. It is astonishing what a very simple query will sometimes catch a wise man napping. Even the following have been known to succeed:

How many days would it take to ca up a piece of cloth 50 yards long, one yard being out off every day?

A snail climbing up a pole 20 feet high ascends five feet every day and

alips down four feet every night. How long will the snail take to reach the top of the post? C.A.SNOW&CO

ENVELOPES. We have a large stock of envel-This is a catch question in geometry as the preceding were catch question in arithmetic. The window was dia

PHYSICIANS.

As to the two former, perhaps it i

scarcely necessary seriously to point out that the answer to the first is not 50

days, but 49, and to the second not 20 days, but 16, cince the enail, who gains

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ATTORNEY AT LAW, NAPOLEON, OHIO. OFFICE on Washington street over Nordan & Bruns' Dry Goods Store.

F. D. PRINTIS. Attorney at Law, NAPOLEON, OHIO, MONEY TO LOAN. OFFICE on Perry Street, over William Speng-ler's Grocery Store.

C. . F FREASE Attorneyat Law, Office in Frease block, opposite court house,

JUSTICES.

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JOSEPH WEIBLE, Notary Publicand Insurance Agent.

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